

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1865.

GO WEST, LITTLE ONE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY J. K. COLBOURN.

Go west, little one, while the green turf above thee
Thy fathers are past, and thy race is now
Too soon lost to thee, for none know but to love thee
Yet over thy departure we will not deplore.
Thou art like the fair rose-bud nipt in the
morning,
Ere yet its sweet fragrance was scattered
around.
Yet, hadst thou been, thou art heaven adorning,
Where sunshine and glory forever surround.
If thou hadst but lived till the dawning of morn-
ing,
Thy fate and thy fortune, what would it have
been?
Up the bright path of truth with the saints
wouldst thou wander?
Or downward, hard, on the pathway of sin?
Thou art not dead, art thou, although seemingly
fallen, from a life that is now
Thy spirit has flown to the world where it
came.
To dwell there in glory through ages unchang-
ing,
Where the dawn of the millennium shall be
the same.

At eve when thy mother shall seek her low
pillow,
Affection's soft gleam will bid her to weep
For the babe of her bosom who has sought the
willow,
With the rain blowing over its low couch of
sleep.
Thy spirit will look from the skies on her
sighs,
And whisper this truth to her lone, bleeding
heart.
Oh! all ye of earth who in misery languish,
Go trust in Jehovah and ye shall have rest.
No more of the sorrows of earth shall then
know,
And partake of the blessings so beautifully
given
To all who have honored and served Him
below.
Thou art like the fair rose-bud nipt in the
morning,
Ere yet its sweet fragrance was scattered
around.
Yet, hadst thou been, thou art heaven adorning,
Where sunshine and glory forever surround.

A FLIRTATION AND A DUEL; OR, A GIRL'S REVENGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY HENRY.

Paul Delavan had brought his friend, Mark
Lancaster, to visit him in his pretty cottage at
Hayton. By the death of his father, Paul was
left alone in the world, heir to a pretty estate,
and a hand fortune in stocks; but his home
seemed lonely when he came to it after a gay
winter in the city, and he was very glad to in-
duce Mark Lancaster, one of the most fasci-
nating men of the day, to come with him to the
quiet village and help him to enjoy the
good fishing and shooting the neighborhood af-
forded.

The afternoon after their arrival, the two
friends were riding on horseback through a
pretty grove; the air was odorous with the
fragrant pines, the trees so grateful in their
cool shade that they allowed their pace to drop
into a walk, as they enjoyed the quiet beauty of
the summer scene.

"How delightfully still it is here," exclaimed
Mark. "After all, the country is refreshing
when one is used to city dissipation."

"Refreshment! I should think so—it's
perfect," said Paul, whose frugal nature had a
fonder appreciation of the tranquil charms,
than his friend's more flowery organization was
capable of.

"This is charmingly primitive here, we
hardly seem to enter the birds, or disturb the
almost unbroken quiet. See that brave rab-
bit! why he scarcely seems to regard our pres-
ence!" And indeed the little bunny glided out
into the middle of the road, passed them quite
unmolested, and then, as if suddenly con-
scious of danger, started for a rapid flight for
the woods.

"Ah! what was that?"

"For before the little creature could reach the
shelter there was the sharp crack of a pistol,
and it leaped in the air and fell to the earth
quivering in a death agony."

"Shot through the heart!"

"A little white dove entered the woods, and
at the same moment the rabbit started and a
young lady sprang down behind the rabbit. This

was a very pretty female named, with a dash
of dark cloth fitting tightly to her round figure,
the full skirt leaped up to display small feet in
red shoes, a smiling face, and a look of the
dark eyes and shining hair, as if she were at
the height of beauty, with its bright, black
eyes, and clear, dark complexion. The pistol
she held in her hand pointed her out as just as
the sportsman, and the shot-bag and powder
flashed which, long, at her waist, showed her
thoroughly equipped for her work. As she
glided up from the dead rabbit, she caught
sight of the two young men who had: raised in a
few paces down the road.

"Hello! Paul, how do you do?" she cried,
with a dash of color, as she met the blue
eyes of his companion, companion fitted upon her
with a smile that somewhat amazed them.

"Here you are, Beatrice. At your old sport?
But this is not the time of year to be working
about little horses."

"I know it; I only shot it to keep my hand
in."

"Then you don't fear the law?"

"Not a bit! with a talent of the
poetry hand, I should like to see them try to
shoot me!"

Paul looked at her with a smile, but Beatrice
said, "I am not a sportsman, no doubt. But
Lancaster, this is my friend Mr. Mark Lancaster,
of whom you may have heard me speak—Miss
Beatrice Lancaster."

The two bowed. Mark with courteous po-
siteness, Beatrice with a sort of dashing good
fellowship, and Paul with a look of the
sportsman.

"What an idea you will give him of me
Hayton girls!" Paul continued.

"I don't care for his idea, Mr. Lancaster;
but I don't care for his idea of the
country either."

"And I don't care for his idea of the
country either," said Mark, "if you often far across the
highway in that reckless style. Suppose we had
been a red or so further down the road just
now?"

"Oh, I should not have fired. I had a full
view of the rabbit; and should have seen you
also."

"Death at both his hands to whoever after all
his honor," said Mark, gallantly.

Beatrice looked at the unsmiling youth the
full admiring gaze of those fascinating eyes, and
Paul said,

"How did you get here, Beatrice? did you
walk?"

"Walk! why it must be five miles from
town," exclaimed Mark.

"That's nothing," she said, with a toss. "I
often do walk it, but to-day I am riding; my
pony is fastened just down the road."

"Then do mount, and ride with us," said
Paul.

"All right, old fellow! I will."

She walked on before them. Mark watching
the perfect outline of her round form with the
admiration of a connoisseur.

"A very handsome girl, Paul. Any relation
to you?"

"No, indeed. Why?"

"I thought she must be, from her free and
easy manner to you."

"Oh, that's her way. I have known her
thorough for years. But ten to one, she'll be just
so to you in a week."

"Who is she?"

"The daughter of one of my wealthy neigh-
bors. She has no mother; and is an only child.
Her father is away a great deal; and she has
grown up pretty much as she pleased."

"She is rather fond, but decidedly refreshing,
after our timid city girls. I think it would be
rather amusing to try a flirtation with her," said
Mark, his eyes still fixed on the pretty brunette.

"Be a little careful, Mark. I fancy she could
be dangerous if fairly aroused."

Mark shrugged his shoulders. "My dear fel-
low, I am quite old enough to look out for my-
self."

By this time they had reached the tree where
Beatrice had fastened her pony.

"Ah, Tiger," she said, as the horse raised
his head at her approach, "dread of waiting!"
She rapidly untied the bridle, but not be-
fore Mark Lancaster had sprung down to assist
her.

"No, no, Mr. Lancaster. I want no help—
why, what do you suppose I do when I have no
city dogs to wait on me?"

"But since I am here, you will surely permit
me the pleasure."

"Well, hold Tiger's bridle, then, for a mo-
ment, if you please, while I loosen my skirt."

With a rapid movement she let the long folds
of her dress fall from their confinement, and
then before Mark could aid her, with one leap
she sprang from the ground into the saddle.

"Bravo! splendidly done, Miss Beatrice," cried
Mark.

"It is nothing," she said, as she reined up
the restive animal. "Why will men make such a
few about women's doing what they do every
day? For my part, I can't see why we have
such a right to do all that you do, Mr. Lancaster."

"Certainly," answered Mark, with an amused
smile. "Then you would drink, swear and
smoke?"

"I am no reason why I have not the right to
do so. I choose. Smoking does not suit my
taste, nor drinking either. I do smoke when I
please."

"Ah! perhaps you will try a cigar now?"

"No, this is not my time. But come, if you
two like such a simple, fog-free pace, I don't
think it getting very important, if you ride with
me you must ride my goat."

The young man assented to this, and they all
dashed down the road, Paul's two first rule
horses rather put to it to keep up with the ad-
mirable speed of Beatrice's thorough-paced an-
imal.

As we had said, Mark Lancaster was very
much struck with this new and pleasant beauty.
From that afternoon, regardless of all his
friend's warnings, he devoted himself to her.

"My dear fellow," he said, laughingly, when
his attention had grown so pointed as to at-
tract universal remark, "it amuses me, and it
won't hurt her."

"Then you are not serious?"

"Serious! my dear Paul! Do you suppose I
would marry a female horse-jockey? I have
riden and a sharp shooter! Why, I should as
soon think of wedding a whistler as that im-
pudent, ill-regulated, but certainly very fasci-
nating girl."

"And you don't consider what suffering you
may cause her when you go away?"

"Suffering! oh, I'm hardly conscious enough
to think she cares very much for me, and if she
does, it will only do her good, once her down a
little, make her perhaps a little less domineer-
ing."

Paul sighed. "You are an incorrigible flirt,
Mark, but I have always feared some day your
recklessness would bring you into trouble."

The remembrance of one of his other whetters.
That evening Mark was again by the side of
Beatrice Lancaster. They were to go riding on
the river together, but Beatrice was to be the
conductor, Mark the guest. He was a little be-
hind hand in starting for his appointment, and
was therefore considerably annoyed on going out
of the cottage gate, to meet Beatrice already
equipped for the excursion.

"Why, Beatrice, what brought you here?"

"I came for you, naturally, of course. You
were late to my appointment, you know! Don't
look shocked. What's the difference, Mark? I
was waiting for you, just as much as you were
for me."

"But, my dear Beatrice, are you not afraid of
the consequences of such unusual conduct?"

"Afraid! she repeated, contemptuously,
"no, indeed, as long as I am doing nothing
wrong, why should I care?"

"But other people might not think so; ill as-
sured things might be said."

"Not of me."

"Why not of you as well as others?"

"Because they would not dare! People
know I am not to be trifled with."

"Why, what would you do?"

"Call them out!" she said, defiantly. "I
have not hesitated to be a good shot for nothing.
I would put a bullet through any man who in-
sulted me as easily as I did through that rabbit
the other day."

"You're a plucky little piece, Beatrice," he
said, laughingly. "I dare say you would not be
very tame under an outrage."

"I bet you."

And by this time they had reached the river
and the spot where Beatrice's own boat was
moored. It was a light, graceful affair, and as
they embarked she had more than once to can-
tion Mark on his amateur-like way of stepping
in a racing boat that would upset at a turn.
After seeing him safely seated in the stern, Be-
atrice sang off the dock she had worn, and dis-
played a neat boating costume, a white flannel
shirt with a blue cravat, a short dark skirt,
and a straw hat with a blue ribbon.

"You are as fascinating on the water as on
land," said Mark, as they pushed off from shore,
and he was admiring the graceful form and the
handsome, flushed face of his companion. She
laughed gayly, as she glanced back at him. Mark
thought I am ahead of you, just now, Mark.
I am the winner, while you have nothing to do
but sit there like a pig and pay compliments."

"I like the duty very well."

He looked back on the cushions, very hand-
some and stately, with his aristocratic features,
his fair complexion and chestnut hair, and
moustache. Beatrice looked at him every now
and then as the boat sped on; under her power-
ful strokes, until the concentrated power of his
gaze confused and embarrassed her, her own
quills dropped, and she felt her cheeks burning
under that admiring and audacious gaze. She
drained her those blue eyes should read in hers
the secret of her own heart, and was glad of the
deepening of the friendly shades of night.

Two miles up stream Beatrice pulled, and
then turned the boat round, shipped the oars,
and coasted from her labor.

"Splendidly rowed, Beatrice," said Mark.
"You've done those two miles as easily as the
most practiced oarsman could have done them,
and now I suppose your work is over."

"Yes, we can fast down again with the cur-
rent."

She took off her hat, and tossed back the
thick short curls from her forehead.

"Can't you come and sit by me?" said Mark.
"It is very stupid for me to be among these
cushions alone, and you off there."

With a thank she allowed him to assist her to
a seat beside him. It was very lively on the
river, with the moonlight on the wooded shore
and the sparkling stream, and the bank of the
beautiful summer night around them. Mark

looked at the pretty face beside him, and his
strong instincts for flirtation and fascination got
the better of all honorable scruples.

"You are very handsome, Beatrice."

"Nonsense, old fellow! Don't talk folly. Let's
try a waltz."

But though she spoke gayly, her voice trem-
bled, and she could not conceal the deep blush
that crept over her cheeks.

"All right, comrades."

Mark responded thus justly to her words,
but as he struck a match to light a cigar, his
eyes roved full upon her face as it was lit up
by the flame, and he noticed all its blushes and
the timid glance of those black eyes that had
been always so bold.

"By Jove, Mark! You are fairly raving me
with your city compliments and your eternal
staring."

She tried to throw off the fascination that
was creeping over her, by thus meeting it bold-
ly, but none the less the dreamy influence stole
over her delicate indifference.

For a little time the two floated in silence,
a silence that was more dangerous for Beatrice
than words. Then Mark said:

"I never before imagined that a woman could
be dangerous when smoking; but you, Beatrice,
are perfectly irresistible."

"Now, Mark?"

"Oh! I must say it despite all your many
prohibitions—you are handsome and cap-
tivating. And oh! Beatrice, you know I adore
you."

He stole his arm round her waist as he
spoke. Beatrice half struggled, half yielded, to
the touch.

"Let me try if smoking will quell the fire,
my pretty darling."

The blushing face was half averted, but, bend-
ing down, Mark pressed his lips to hair.

The rest of the evening was all a beautiful
dream to Beatrice, but when it was over, and
she tried the next morning to recall what he
had said, she was seized with a vague uncom-
fort. She could not remember one word of
actual love, one serious promise for the future.
But then she had been very tender and atten-
tionate, he had called her all sorts of pet names,
and in her utter ignorance of the immensity of
the great world and the varieties of human
nature, she thought that he must have meant all
that she could wish, and so let her heart re-
joice in her intense happiness, without one
doubt or distrust of the man she loved.

Mark had now a new attraction in his visits
to Beatrice, and he spent the principal part of
the time with her in the next week. Still he
carefully avoided "committing himself," think-
ing, with the false creed of a heartless man of
the world, that he was in no wise bound to the
girl whose attentions he had won, simply be-
cause he had once said, "I love you, and will
you marry me?"

Beatrice trusted him, but every day she was
surprised at his strange avoidance of all expres-
sions of his own feelings and allusions to the
future.

"Do you know, Mark, how dear you are to
me?" she said to him one morning, as she
leaned over his chair.

"Am I, my bright Beatrice? Well, you may
be sure you will always have a very true friend
in me."

Friend! The cold word struck to her heart.
She stood a moment silent, and then seated
herself on a footstool beside him. She had
grown very much changed of late. No longer
defiant and bold, she was gentle, quiet, more
charmingly womanly than ever before—with him
affectionate and almost timid.

"Don't you know that I love you?" she said,
after a moment of silence, looking up wistfully
into his face.

"Love me! Hardly that yet, my dear Be-
atrice," he answered, with a slight look of an-
noyance. "You have not known me long enough
for such a deep feeling."

"And you?"

"I think you are the most captivating girl in
the world. But come, this is too fine a morn-
ing to be wasted in-doors. Let's go for a
walk."

He changed the subject abruptly, and was
careful not again to allow her to approach it.
He talked himself, gayly and charmingly of all
sorts of topics, and Beatrice was interested and
amused, so that she did not again recur to the
question she had half resolved to ask; but when
he left her, there was a shade on his handsome
brow.

"This thing is getting serious," he muttered.
"She'll bring me to the point before another
day. It is time I took to flight. Well, it is
just as well; she has amused me, and by this
time Beatrice must be very pleasant."

As they sat over their wine that day after
dinner, Mark announced his decision to his
friend.

"Well, Paul, I believe I must leave you to-
morrow."

"So soon?"

"Soon! Why, my dear fellow, I have al-
ready made you a tremendous visit."

"But I shall be horribly lonely without you."

"Come with me, then. I am off for Bar-
toga. It will be just the thing. Make it perfect
if you will come too."

After some chat, Paul agreed to this plan—
but then asked curiously:

"How about Beatrice Linwood?"

"What of her?"

"How will she like your sudden flight?"

"My dear Paul, I cannot concern her."

"I don't know about that. My own opinion
is, Mark, that you have flirted shamefully with
her."

Mark shrugged his shoulders.

"A mere passing amusement. You shall
see how we shall part the best friends in the
world."

But although he said this very confidently,
Mark felt considerable hesitation when, the next
morning, he sat in Mr. Linwood's parlor await-
ing the coming of Beatrice.

"Hanging in!" he thought. "I wish I had writ-
ten her a note to my good-by. I hope she won't
make a scene."

She came in after a moment, looking as pretty
in her white morning-dress and pink shawl,
that Mark half regretted that he had not re-
solved to dress himself a little longer with an
elegant air. But there was a shade of anxiety
in her eyes, that the next moment made him
glad of his resolve to come.

"Well, Beatrice, I wonder if you will feel as
badly as I do, when I tell you that I have come
to my good-by."

"Are you going away?" she almost gasped
the words, growing white to the lips.

"Yes, Paul and I start for Bartoga to-mor-
row."

"Oh, Mark!"

"Then, Beatrice, don't look so sad, I will
write to you."

"Write to me! but, Mark, when shall I see
you again?"

"I don't know really," he said, carelessly.
"Unless you come to the city next winter."

She looked at him, her eyes growing black
with angry light, her face slowly flushing back
to a crimson glow in each cheek.

"And this is your farewell to me?"

"I believe so, if I don't have time to
call again," he said to himself.

"Then, Mark Lancaster, you have never loved
me?"

"My dear Beatrice, don't say such sentimental
things."

"Do you know that I have loved you?"

"My dear young lady, why make such a rash
assertion, when you are a little older and have
seen more of the world you will be more
careful."

His cool, indifferent manner drove her to mad-
ness, and she stood before him, her eyes fairly
blazing with wrath and scorn.

"Yes, Mark, I will say it, though I see now
that you are a scoundrel, and have only been
amusing yourself by playing with the heart of
one who seemed to you an ignorant country girl.
Yet I had rather have you know how entirely
you have succeeded in your cruel purpose than
suppose me as base as yourself. You! I have
loved you! do you think I would ever have
allowed your devotion if I had not loved you?
Do you think I could have trifled with all that
is most sacred to a woman for mere amusement?
No, I have loved you with all the earnestness of
a nature that does not forget," her voice fal-
tered a little as she uttered the last words—but
putting aside the weakness with an imperious
gesture of the hand she went on. "I have
loved you, but now, now I despise you as that
most contemptible of beings a masculine flirt.
More than that I will one day have revenge for
my outraged affections and my injured pride."

"You are very much excited, my dear Be-
atrice," said Mark, with an assumption of his old
indifference, though his fair face had flushed at
her taunting words. "You will get over all this
after a while. But now I must be going, won't
you bid me a friendly good-by?"

He held out his hand. She haughtily drew
back a step.

"No, Mark Lancaster, we are not friends, and
I will make no such hollow pretence. Henceforth
we are enemies, and I tell you more I will never
rest till I have had satisfaction for your insult."

"Insult! I assure you, Beatrice, I had no in-
tention of insulting you. I thought there was
no harm in a little summer amusement."

"She waved him away imperiously.

"Your apologies are worse than useless. I do
not care for them. All I do care for now is my
revenge."

He laughed mockingly.

"Good-by then, my pretty wild cat."

She turned her back to him with a look of
bitter scorn, and he made his way out of the
house. He bore his habitual smile of easy in-
difference for a moment, but it vanished when
he was alone, and he thought somewhat unusu-
ally of those mocking eyes, those threats for the
future.

"God! she looks a determined woman. But
what! what can she do? Ladies don't murder
in these days, and she'll soon forget her anger
in another love affair."

So Mark went away with his friend to the
gayeties of Bartoga, and in a round of amuse-
ment there, and later in the season at Newport
very soon forgot that "pretty Tom-boy who had
helped to while away the early summer."

But Beatrice did not, as he had stifled his con-
science by imagining final oblivion for the past
in another flirtation. She had loved Mark very
truly, and was too earnest a woman, too pure a
maiden even to recover from the bitter experi-
ence. For some time she shut herself up, re-
fusing to see her best friends or to attempt any
of her old amusements. But this could not last

ry. When I had nearly finished my brother-in-law burst into a laugh, then started from us out of quarters. It came out then, that my brother-in-law had been victimized in the same

Needs a work on punctuation—that pri-
on the army who sent a letter to a little
at home, closing with, "May Heaven
and keep you from yours truly John
"

...the world only, the world and the people who
...the world only, the world and the people who
...the world only, the world and the people who

**Omibus—To be impertuned by your
to to have your life insured.**

A Dirty Old Show!

"Why, Edward, your aunt does not suffer
from that,"



AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CIDER MAKING

Our advice, founded upon some practical knowledge of cider making, is to gather up the apples by hand, discard all rotten or half rotten ones, crush over the apple water thoroughly, to wash of leaves, mud, dirt, and a good deal of the impurity thus adhering to on fallen apples more or less, grise the pomace in fine sieves—such as the flour you grind the more just possible—do from the greenish apple juice is not like the juice of the brown, neither is it covered by it, mixing with the brown, and is covered by it. The clouds of greenish yellow pomace, green and even, and after the juice has stood from three to six days—according to the temperature of the weather, all the time with the lungs out, put into each cask half a pint of brown must and two more of pulverized salt-petre. Bring the clouds up, and then strain them in a wet cloth, and the must will be very good white must you make after eight or ten years, provided you do not strengthen your digestive system harvest time, June or July. M. Chittell

Now, as the production of honey at fifteen cents per pound affords a handsome profit, the inference is rather clear that at sixty cents the producing of honey is money-making direct. Given at thirty cents per pound, there is no other investment that any one living within a reasonable reach of nature can make yield so handsomely. The honey for stock and fixtures with which to commence the enterprise, is better

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS

Boston, it is the imperative duty of every farmer to produce every year some commodity that he is not ashamed to place on public exhibition for the benefit of the community.

Our fairs are almost always judiciously held at a season of the year when our agriculturists are most at liberty from hurrying farm-work, and our drivers in the soil everywhere will find it infinitely to their advantage to attend one or two of these public schools the present season.

Madeline's Kitchen Cabinet.

WRITER FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

OUT IN THE GARDEN

The result was that I had my cucumbers blemished almost as white as eggs, solid almost to the center, hard, crisp, few seeds, and these very small, deliciously flavored, and entirely free from the disagreeable early taste that sometimes is much from the exhalation of cucumbers in market.

For pickling I cut the cucumbers when at the proper size, and treat them otherwise as pickles are usually treated.

FREE RIDER

Electromagnetic Interference

I am composed of 27 letters.
 My 6, 13, 17, 22, is one of the United States.
 My 7, 9, 25, 26, 2, is a county in Kentucky.
 My 24, 2, 14, 20, is a town in Illinois.
 My 23, 7, 30, 24, 27, 8, 31, is a river in Wisconsin.
 My 8, 23, 8, 10, 19, is a lake in South America.
 My 14, 7, 4, 17, 15, 9, is a county in New York.
 My 34, 11, 1, 27, 36, 21, 7, 30, 15, is a city in Pennsylvania.
 My 5, 12, 9, 13, 22, is a peak of North America.
 My 26, 2, 4, 11, 9, 16, 25, 26, is one of the United States.
 My 26, 28, 23, 17, 6, 9, is a city in the Eastern States.
 My 33, 30, 16, 29, 9, is a lake of North America.
 My 10, 22, 11, 21, 35, is a river emptying in the Ohio.
 My whole is what you can and should do.
 S. R. MCGIBSONEY.
 Edinburgville, Ohio.

Estimate.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.

My 2, 4, 5, transposed, is a plant.

My 4, 2, 1, 5, transposed, is sometimes an adjective.

My whole is an article of food. MAUD.

Welding

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
 I am composed of 4 letters.
 Omit my first, and I am a continued line.
 Omit my second, and I am an animal.
 Omit my first and second, and I am an obli-
 gation.
 Omit my fourth, and transpos, and I am a
 fabulous bird.
 My whole is something used in moving heavy
 weights, a species of bird, and a sound of boom-
 ing or triumph.

BATHURST, N.Y. J. J. 1880.

EMILY.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first the lips will oft repeat,
When parted friends return;
It rises 'mid the notes of joy,
And walks above the urn.
When thunder rolls across the sky,
When riot stir the air,
Or hostile armies hostile wild,
My second echoes there.
My third is known in ancient lore,
A God of vengeance true,
Who from his house "the trembling gate,"
Ruled in each battle hour.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A solid globe of glass eight inches in diameter, to be blown into a hollow globe with the bell one-eighth (1) of an inch in thickness. Required, the diameter of the hollow globe, and how many gallons of wine will it hold.

Meadville, Pa. A. S. DAVIS.

AN answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The force of attraction below the surface of the earth being directly as the distance from the centre, required to determine the greatest velocity acquired, and the time, performed in a heavy body of 1,125 lbs. In falling from the surface, through a perforation made straight through the centre of the earth, abstracting from the effect of the earth's rotation, and supposing it to be a homogeneous sphere of 7,980 miles diameter.

MORGAN STEVENS.

Round Grove, East Co., Iowa.

☛ An answer is requested.

Arithmetical Problem.

MY AGE, IF MULTIPLIED BY THREE,
 TWO-SIXTHS OF THAT PRODUCT TRIPLED BE;
 THE SQUARE-ROOT OF 2-5 OF THAT IS 4—
 NOW TELL MY AGE, OR NEVER SEE ME MORE.
 R. M. LOVELL.

Table Dishes.

Q—What dish may you always coincide to
have been stolen, no matter on whose table you
meet with it? Ans.—Frenched eggs.

Q—If a man were in want of a situation,
has fish would be most acceptable to him?
Ans.—A good pie (1) on.

Q—Which is the silliest dish you can put
in the table? Ans.—Gossamery-dock.

Q—Which is the merriest? Ans.—Cage-
moo.

Q—Which is the quickest? Ans.—Hasty-
siding.

Q—And which the coolest? Ans.—Ice-
cream.

Q—And which may you suppose the cook to
be prepared in a regular bad temper? Ans.—
Thinned cream.

Q—Which dish is named after one of the
shorts of the human race? Ans.—Ham.

Q—And which after a country in Europe?
Ans.—Turkey.

Answers to Last.

KNICKA—Duchay. KNICKA—Lhard. RID-
LE—The Declaration of Independence. CHA-
ADE—Cool off.